

Scena Secunda.

Sound a Sennet. Enter Richard in pompe, Buckingham, Catesby, Ratcliffe, Lovel.

Rich. Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham.

Buck. My gracious Soueraigne.

Rich. Give me thy hand. Sound.

Thus high, by thy aduice, and thy assistance,

Is King Richard seated:

But shall we weare these Glories for a day?

Or shall they last, and we reioyce in them?

Buck. Still liue they, and for euer let them last.

Rich. Ah Buckingham, now doe I play the Touch,

To trie if thou be currant Gold indeed:

Young Edward liues, thinke now what I would speake.

Buck. Say on my louing Lord.

Rich. Why Buckingham, I say I would be King.

Buck. Why so you are, my thrice-renowned Lord.

Rich. Ha? am I King? tis so: but Edward liues.

Buck. True, Noble Prince.

Rich. O bitter consequence!

That Edward still should liue true Noble Prince.

Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull.

Shall I be plaine? I wish the Bastards dead,

And I would haue it suddenly perform'd.

What say'st thou now? speake suddenly, be brieue.

Buck. Your Grace may doe your pleasure.

Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all Ice, thy kindnesse freezes:

Say, haue I thy consent, that they shall dye?

Buck. Give me some litle breath, some pawse, deare Lord,

Before I positively speake in this:

I will resolute you herein presently. Exit Buck.

Catesby. The King is angry, see he gnawes his Lippe.

Rich. I will conuerse with Iron-witted Fooles,

And vnrespective Boyes: none are for me,

That looke into me with considerate eyes,

High-reaching Buckingham growes circumspect.

Boy.

Page. My Lord.

Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting Gold

Will tempt vnto a close exploit of Death?

Page. I know a discontented Gentleman,

Whose humble meanes match not his haughtie spirit:

Gold were as good as twentie Orators,

And will (no doubt) tempt him to any thing.

Rich. What is his Name?

Page. His Name, my Lord, is Tyrrell.

Rich. I partly know the man: goe call him hither,

Boy.

Exit.

The deepe reuoluing wittie Buckingham,

No more shall be the neighbor to my counsailes.

Hath he so long held out with me, vntyr'd,

And stops he now for breath? Well, be it so.

Enter Stanley.

How now, Lord Stanley, what's the newes?

Stanley. Know my louing Lord, the Marquesse Dorset

As I heare, is fled to Richmond,

In the parts where he abides.

Rich. Come hither Catesby, rumor it abroad,

That Anne my Wife is very grievous sicke,

I will take order for her keeping close.

Inquire me out some meane poore Gentleman,

Whom I will marry straight to Clarence Daughter:

The Boy is foolish, and I feare not him.

Looke how thou dream'st: I say againe, giue out,

That Anne, my Queene, is sicke, and like to dye.

About it, for it stands me much vpon

To stop all hopes, whose growth may damage me,

I must be marryed to my Brothers Daughter,

Or else my Kingdome stands on brittle Glasse:

Murther her Brothers, and then marry her,

Vncertaine way of gaine. But I am in

So farr in blood, that sinne will pluck on sinne,

Teare-falling Pittie dwells not in this Eye.

Enter Tyrrel.

Is thy Name Tyrrel?

Tyr. Iames Tyrrel, and your most obedient subiect.

Rich. Art thou indeed?

Tyr. Proue me, my gracious Lord.

Rich. Dar'st thou resolute to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Please you:

But I had rather kill two enemies.

Rich. Why then thou hast it: two deepe enemies,

Foes to my Rest, and my sweet sleepes disturbers,

Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon:

Tyrrel, I meane those Bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me haue open meanes to come to them,

And soone Ile rid you from the feare of them.

Rich. Thou sing'st sweet Musique:

Hearke, come hither Tyrrel,

Goe by this token: rise, and lend thine Eare, Whispers.

There is no more but so: say it is done,

And I will loue thee, and preferre thee for it.

Tyr. I will dispatch it straight. Exit.

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. My Lord, I haue consider'd in my minde,

The late request that you did sound me in.

Rich. Well, let that rest: Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buck. I heare the newes, my Lord.

Rich. Stanley, hee is your Wiues Sonne: well, looke

vnto it.

Buck. My Lord, I layme the gift, my due by promise,

For which your Honor and your Faith is pawn'd,

Th' Earldome of Hertford, and the moueables,

Which you haue promised I shall possesse.

Rich. Stanley looke to your Wife: if she conuey

Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What sayes your Highnesse to my iust request?

Rich. I doe remember me, Henry the Sixth

Did prophesie, that Richmond should be King,

When Richmond was a litle peeuish Boy.

A King perhaps.

Buck. May it please you to resolute me in my suit.

Rich. Thou troublest me, I am not in the vaine. Exit.

Buck. And is it thus? repayes he my deepe seruice

With such contempt? made I him King for this?

O let me thinke on Hastings, and be gone

To Brecknock, while my fearefull Head is on. Exit.

Enter Tyrrel.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloodie Act is done,

The most arch deed of pittious massacre

That

That euer yet this Land was guilty of:

Dighton and Forrest, who I did suborne

To do this peece of ruthfull Butchery,

Albeit they were flesh Villaines, bloody Dogges,

Meltd with tenderesse, and milde compassion,

Wept like to Children, in their deaths sad Story.

O thus (quoth Dighton) lay the gentle Babes:

Thus, thus (quoth Forrest) girdling one another

Within their Alabaster innocent Armes:

Their lips were foure red Roses on a stalke,

And in their Summer Beauty kist each other.

A Booke of Prayers on their pillow lay,

Which one (quoth Forrest) almost chang'd my minde:

But oh the Diuell, there the Villaine stoopt:

When Dighton thus told on, we smothered

The most replenished sweet worke of Nature,

That from the prime Creation ere she framed,

Hence both are gone with Conscience and Remorse,

They could not speake, and so I left them both,

To beare this tydings to the bloody King.

Enter Richard.

And heere he comes. All health my Soueraigne Lord.

Rich. Kinde Tyrrel, am I happy in thy Newes.

Tyr. If to haue done the thing you gaue in charge,

Beget your happinesse, be happy then,

For it is done.

Rich. But did'st thou see them dead.

Tyr. I did my Lord.

Rich. And buried gentle Tyrrel.

Tyr. The Chaplaine of the Tower hath buried them,

But where (to say the truth) I do not know.

Rich. Come to me Tyrrel soone, and after Supper,

When thou shalt tell the proceffe of their death.

Meane time, but thinke how I may do the good,

And be inheritor of thy desire.

Farewell till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leaue.

Rich. The Sonne of Clarence haue I pent vp close,

His daughter meanly haue I matcht in marriage,

The Sonnes of Edward sleepe in Abrahams bosome,

And Anne my wife hath bid this world good night.

Now for I know the Britaine Richmond aymes

At yong Elizabeth my brothers daughter,

And by that knot lookes proudly on the Crowne,

To her go I, a iolly thriuing wooer.

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord,

Rich. Good or bad newes, that thou com'st in so

blondly?

Rat. Bad newes my Lord, Mourton is fled to Richmond,

And Buckingham backt with the hardy Welshmen

Is in the field, and still his power encreaseth.

Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more neere,

Then Buckingham backt with the hardy Welshmen

Come, I haue leard, that fearfull commenting

Is leaden seruitor to dull delay.

Delay leds impotent and Snail-paced Beggery:

Then ferie expedition be my wings,

Ioues Mercury, and Herald for a King:

Go muster men: My counsaile is my Sheeld,

We must be breefe, when Traitors braue the Field.

Exit.